TOLA - - - - - EANBAS HELEN LAKEMAN:

The Story of a Young Girl's Strug gie With Adversity.

AUTHOR OF "THE BASKER OF BEDFORD," WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC. [Copyright, 1808, by A. N. Kellogy Newspaper Co.]

CHAPTER IL-CONTINUED. "Did ye never see a bird with a crip-pled wing, and see how the poor little thing tried to fly and couldn't? Well, this child, good as he is, holds down that gal. Every cent she makes goes to support herself an' the child—" The breakfast bell rang, and Pete did

not complete his sentence.

That morning Warren noticed that the eyes of the hired girl, who was sacrificing herself for her crippled brother, were very large and blue, and her forehead was broad and high, and her features were regular. She was neat and tidy, and did not look at all like the sloven kitchen girls he had seen. Her hair was golden and neatly gathered in a There was a sweet sadness upon her face, which touched him not a lit-

CHAPTER III.

tle, when he remembered that al! her

AT CHURCH-THE MOONIAT WALK.
Warren Stuart regarded the girl as a commonplace mortal, and yet there was something a little more than common about her. He seldom saw her, save at mealtime, when she came in to wait upon the table. She knew a servant's place, and kept it. She was mod-est almost to shyness, and seldom spoke, never unless compelled to do so. Com-monplace as he supposed her to be, he one day thought he discerned a poetic sadness in the large, dark blue eye, as she stood like one in a reverie. The kitchen work at Stuart's was no very ant's place, and kept it. She was modsmall matter, and it required all time and energy to accomplish her part. She was nearly always busy, and frequently when he saw that sad worn face, and tired little form, he felt a

sympathy for her.
One evening after the day's work was done, he was passing the kitchen where Helen would insist on staying. and heard her engaged in an animated conversation with her brother. It was a simple conversation such as a child might understand about Heaven. Little Amos was asking his sister if he should be relieved of his infirmities there, and whether or not he would see his mother and father. The answers of the girl were low and sweet, assuring the little cripple that he would suffer no pain there, and would meet those who had gone before. Simple and common-place as the conversation was, it had omething about it which affected War-

It was Warren's intention to remai at home during the summer, and early in the fall seek a location to enter into the practice of his profession. It was the busy season for farmers, and he did not meet many of his former friends and acquaintances. The secon Sunday after his return was the day for preaching in the Sandy Fork school-house. The Methodist had taken this one of their circuits, and sent m one of their circuits, and sent Rev. Ailen Blaze, a famous "gospel pounder" to preach there once a month. The school-house was about three-fourths of a mile from Mr. Stuart's and down the creek known as Sandy Fork It was well hidden in the trees and the road to it led through the forest. The new preacher was very popular and his audiences were always large. Not unfrequently the school-house failed to hold them and many stood outside at

the door and windows.

Peter Stair, the peddler, had been his rounds and "dropped in" at the Stu-art's the night before the Sunday on which Mr. Blaze was to preach.

"You'd better go'n hear him," said Peter to Warren. "He's a regular stormer, I tell ye. He can make things blaze, too. His sermons are all wool, hand-made and warranted not to You can hear one on Sunday, and it'll keep a ringin' through yer ears all the rest o' the week just like one tune at a dance. Besides, some-times he fairly lifts a feller out o' his boots. He raises ye so high ye can most git a bird's-eye view o' the New

Warren consented to go, and the next morning the horses were hitched to the wagon, himself, his father and mother and sister got in and drove of to the school-house. The other two op through the woods to the ease and comfort of any wagon or carriage "Why, helloa! Warren, how are you!

said Mr. Arnold, the moment he alighted from the wagon in front of the school-house. Mr. Arnold dropped the stick on which he was whittling to take Warren's hand. He was a man a little over medium height, somewhat slender with sandy hair and whiskers, which were only on his chin, and cropped



"I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE COME BACK A FULL-PLEDGED DOCTOR?"

"That remains to be seen, Arold," said Warren.

He was now surrounded by the old men and young men of the neighbor-hood, each extending to him a kindly greeting.

Warren was a sort of favorite in the neighborhood, and all were glad to see him back. Mrs. Arnold, and even her daughter, Miss Hallie, a sprightly little creature with a somewhat florid complexion and hair, and a face concompexion and nair, and a face con-siderably freckled, came to him and insisted so earnestly that he should go home with them for dinner that he could not refuse. There was to be preaching at night and he could go home with his parents then, so after Arnold's carriage and sat down by the side of Miss Hallie, whom he had known since childhood. Miss Hallie did her est in her shallow way to entertain him, but a conversation on beaux and dress has but little attraction for a young man whose clothes still have the college smell upon them.

The sermon at night was far core.

The sermon at night was far more impressive to our hero than the one in the morning. Mr. Blase (old Blaze, blue Blaze and many other blazes, as he was called) took his text from Matthew the XXV. and fortieth verse: "And the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

His theme was charity, and every word seemed like an arrow sent home to Warren's heart. When he alluded to "the least of these," the youth earnings barely supported herself and thought of poor little Amos, crippled and helpless, and there seemed to raise above the minister a mist, which took the shape of an angel, the face of which was Helen's. He alluded to the sacrifice made by some noble women of the earth whose names were now known not to fame, but inscribed in Heaver and whose crown would be brightest there.. The sermon from beginning to end seemed inspired by the acts of herole self-sacrifice of that girl. Mr. Blaze did not know there was such a person in existence, yet, to use one of Peddler Pete's characteristic expressions, his cloth was cut for any meas

Why had he not before noticed tha this real heroine was wasting ber life for her little brother, was the thought that came to Warren's mind: "I will see my father and mother about it. When preaching was over Mr. Blaze and his wife consented to go home with Mr. Stuart, and Peddler Pete being there, the wagon was full without War-

ren.
"Never mind me, father," he said. "It's only a nice walk and the moon shines brightly." The truth is, our young doctor preferred to walk alone that he might the better digest the discourse he had heard.

Pete insisted on walking in his stead

but he would not hear to it, and the wagon rolled on with its human freight leaving Warren a-foot and alone. started briskly down the wooded road but had gone only a short distance when he almost ran against some on who was tripping lightly along before

him.
"Excuse me," he said. There was a timid acceptance of the apology, and the slight form drew back in the dark part of the road for him to pass.

"It is so dark here!" said Warren. "Very dark, Mr. Stuart," responded a voice, sweetly.
"I beg pardon, but is not this Helen?"

"It is, sir," was the timid response Tes sir."

-and are now on your way hom slone?"

"Yes sir, but I don't mind it. I am not afraid and the walk is pleasant."
But you shall not go alone, Helen; will be

will be your escort."
"Oh, if you please, sir, I am not

arm as if she were some great lady.

but contrast the depth of Helen's con versation with the shallowness of Hallie Arnold. As the timidity left her she began to converse with a knowledge surprising in a hired girt. Where had she learned so much? was the question our here asked himself. As they came out into a more open part of the road the moon fell upon her upturned face. Oh, how lovely it looked. The large blue eyes were dark and brilliant. The unconfined hair was ringlets of gold, and the form, neatly, but not grandly, attired, was beautiful.

They were just in the midst of an an imated conversation upon the sermon when the moon's rays revealed the real loveliness of Helen Lakeman. Warren assured he never will forget, that moon-light walk. He may have had other happy moments in his life, but this,

the first dawning of a pure love, was the first dawning of a pure love, was the happiest moment of his existence. He asked Helen why she did not go o church in the forenoon, and answered that having to get dinner she did not have time. She only got an opportunity to steal away and hear the word of God after she had done her day's work and put little Amos to bed.
"But why did you not go with nother and sister in the carriage

She made no answer to this and Warren bit his lip. There was room for the minister, his wife, and even Peddler Pete, but this poor girl, who was an angel on earth, after toiling all day Sunday, was compelled to walk a mile and a half to church. The neglect of his parents, however, had given him the blessed privilege of Helen's com-pany, and he had discovered how pre-

We will not attempt to record their conversation. It was not of love, but love itself. Both knew it, both felt, yet both struggled against it. The old farm-house was reached too soon, and he conducted Helen, much against his parents and their visitors were.

Had a bomb-shell exploded in the room the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart could not have been greater. Warren was sure there was a frown of anger on the face of his father, and



" HAD A BOMB-SHELL EXPLODED." look of pain spread over his mother's

CHAPTER IV. If Warren's parents felt any great vexation, they did not evince it by words. In an instant the look of sur-prise and pain had vanished from their

"Sit in here, Helen," said Mrs. Stuart, "we are going to have evening prayer."

prayer."
Helen, who was quick to perceive the change in the features of her employers, knew they were displeased, and was in the act of going to the kitchen. Warren, knowing that he had done no wrong sat down mon the old-fash wrong, sat down upon the old-fash-ioned sofa, his whole soul aroused to rebellion against his parents. He possessed a proud, sensitive nature, and the very fact that his parents had neg-lected Helen Lakeman, and allowed er to walk alone through the dark forst to church, vexed and annoyed him. But his mother spoke kindly to her, and he was somewhat mollified.

While Mr. Blaze was reading a chap-ter from the Bible, he watched the face of Helen, so beautiful, so sweet and carnest. There was a heavenly piety in it, which seemed to place a halo of in it, which seemed to place a halo of holy light about those golden curis. She was opposite him, and as she knelt in prayer he could but observe her. prayer of Mr. Blaze was earnest and warm, but Warren heard very lit-tle of it. When the amen was pronounced and all arose to their feet, Helen retired to her small room in the

Warren could not sleep that night.

Many others have been in a like condition. A person may find sleep with the toothache, with a broken limb or when suffering the most intense phys ical pain, but whoever went to sleep when harrassed and annoyed with the doubts, fear and hopes of love, until completely worn out. This new emo-tion had burst upon Warren so suddenly that he was almost overwhelmed. After tossing about upon his bed for sometime, in his vain effort to woo the drowsy god, he arose and crept softly down the stair-way. He went out into the moonlight, and his eyes involuntatoward the rear kitcher where was the small apartment which was Helen's steeping room. He walked down the wooded road, now so dear to him by the recent walk from church; he sat down beneath a large oak tree and strove to cool his heated brain. This was the weakest of follies, he

knew; but then we are weak creatures After finding it impossible to restore the equanimity of his mind, be re-turned to the house. Now the dear old farm-house seemed doubly dear.

"Why am I so agitated, so annoyed o-night?" he asked himself. Had the question been asked Warren Stuart: "Are you in love with this hired girl?" he would undoubtedly have answered: "No," though he was willing to admit that she was beautiful, good as an angel, and possessed the most loveable qualities of any person he had ever met. Yet there was a cer-tain pride in his nature, which revolted at the idea of his marrying a hired girl. This pride was not dead, and would "Oh, if you please, sir, I am not afraid," the girl said, timidly. "The moon shines brightly, and I do not want to trouble you."
"Nonsense, Helen, it's no trouble to me," he said, laughing, and he took her me," he said, laughing, and he took her feeling.

"It shows a compared by the house and creek."

He returned to the house and crept They walked on and began to talk about the sermon. Warren could not but little that night, he was less rest softly up to his room. Though he slept less than before he took his moonlight

> The next morning he was feeling dull and heavy. His brothers had long been up, and were feeding and curry-ing their horses, while their breakfast was preparing. The minister and his wife were going to Newton that morning and Warren was the person selected to take them. "I guess if yer goin' to town to-day

> I'll jist go long to take the train for Chicago," said Peddler Pete; "ye see my stock's runnin' low, an' I had better replenish jist a little."

The preacher and his wife sat or the rear seat. Pete, having asked pardon and got the permission to light his pipe, was enjoying a smoke during the morn-

ing ride.

The road to Newton was through a rich farming country. Sandy Fork was the most fertile portion of the State. On this delightful spring morning every thing seemed fresh and lovely.
The whistle of the plow-boy and songs of the birds made the air melodious.
The fields, lately plowed, were black in the richness of their soil, the winter wheat and oats made them look like green canvas paintings. No picture could express the loveliness of the morning, for here nearly all the senses were permitted to drink in the glories

"This is a grand mornin'," said Pete, who possessed not a little poetry in his soul, yet without the ability to express it. "This is a lovely mornin". Do ye know, Warren, what it 'minds me of?

"No," said Warren, whose mind had een occupied ever since they started. The minister and his wife were talking and paying no attention to the men in the front seat. Pete noticed this, and leaning forward said, in a low tone : "A certain little gal what works in a gentleman's kitchen to get a livin' for herself an' a crippled brother." The shrewd peddler winked and fixed his eyes on Warren.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

-"A lass (alas) I am no more!" the girl said when she got married.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

An Easter Discourse on the "Over throw of the Monster." tory Over Douth-Rounies of Body and Soul Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took for the subject of his Easter sermon at the Brook-lyn Tauernacie "The Overthrow of the Monster," taking for his text:

He wife wallow up death in victory.—Instah IXV., 8

About 1833 Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanace made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX made the year begin at January I. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay-roll of Edward I., on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia alaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter.

Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus, at Gaul, at Rome, at Achnia, to decide the particular day, and after a controversy, more animated than gracious, decided it, and now through all Christendom, in some way, the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March II is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The Royal Court of the Sabbaths' is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are Princes in the royal household, but Easter is Queen. Bhe wears a richer duadem and sways a more jeweled scepter, and in her smile nations are irradiated. Unusually welcome this year, because of the harsh winter and the late spring, she seems to step out of the anow-bank rather than the conservatory, come out of the North rather than the Bouth, out of the Arctic, rather than the tropics, dismousting from an tey equinor, but welcome this queenly day, holding high up in her right hand the wreuched-off bott of Christ's sepulcher, and holding high up in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

right hand the wrenced-off out of Christ's espuicher, and holding high up in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter every thing valuable in the track. Unwheeled artillery, hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Bedan, or Napoleon's track of 90,000 corpaes in the snow banks of Russia, or of the retrest of our own armies from Manasas, or of the five Kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethoran with their armies, while the hall-storms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury.

In my text is asworse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and poins and malarias and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northeast wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave-mounds. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle axe of casualty. With bony hand he peunded at the door of hospitals and siek-rooms, and won all the vistories in all the great battlefields of all the five continents. Forward, nearch, the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-inchef, and all presidents and kings and sultans and cares drop under the feet of his war charger.

is war charger. But one Christmas night his antagonist But one Christman night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the East, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the failen of all the centuries and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been was, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the decisive battle. When Carist shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead, and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swal-lowed up in victors.

forth his two brigades, the brigade of the celestial host, the black gint will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take him from beneath, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demoliton of the planet has lost his scapter, has lost his scapter, has lost his scapter, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and Necropolis; on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the newly knan of the Arctic explorer and on the catafalgus of great cathedral; written in capitals of axalea and caita lill; written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages; written on the scalafalgus of great cathedral; written in capitals of axalea and caita lill; written in written; written, where have and the spiders and the

outward apparel, that we may not be impeded a the brilliant round of the drawing room.

Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a king's banquet and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh said the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter the cost or hat may be handed to us fletter than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified. You and I do not want our bedies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and their ausceptibilities to fatigue, and all their alowness of locomotice. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons, out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the healthiest and roslest child that bounds over the laws at Prospect Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue Hospital.

But as to our soul, we will cross right

prefer incheration let them have it with-

prefer incheration let them have it without caricature. The world may become so
erowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general
consent. Many of the mightiest and best
spirits have gone through this process.
Thousands and tens of thousands of
God's children have been cremated—
F. F. Bliss and wife, the erangelistic
singers, cremated by accident at Antiabula bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by
persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Poinius and Blindins, a
slave, and Alexander, a physician, and
their comrades, cremated at the order of
Marcus Aurelius—at least one hundred
inhousand of Christ's disciples cremated—
and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies.

If the world lasts as much longer as it
has already been built, there perhaps
may be no room for the large acreage set
apart for the resting places, but that
time has not come. Plenty of room yet,
and the race need not pass that bridge of
fire until it comes to it. The most of us
prefer the old way. But whether out of
natural disintegration or cremation, we
shall get that luminous, buoyant, giadsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection
body, you will have it, I will have it. I
say to you to-day, as Paul said to Agrippa:

Why should it be thought a thing incredible
with rou that God should raise the dead

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Why should it be thought a thing incredible
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The world in the way the collection of the collection o

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead.

The far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of! Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East Hiver, other dreps from a staguant pool out on Newark flats—up yonder there, and embodied in a cloud, and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud of water drops, many of them soiled and impure, and fetched from miles away, can be not transport the fragments of the human body from the earth, and out of them build a radiant body! Can not God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and firsh are made, set them up again if they have fallen! If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor, and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through the human if God, decement the human if they have the human the set human if God, decement the human is god decement. Mr. Why should it be thought a thing incredible floor, and it breaks, can he not mend it sgain so you can see through it! And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashions. Can be not restore it! Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope, by a change of the glass and a change of focus, can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousand-fold additional force of the resurrection eye!

Why should it be thought a thing incredbile.

al force of the resurrection eye!

Why should it be thought a thing incredbile with you that God should raise the dead!

Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers! Out of the mold and the earth. Hosurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from! The loathsome caterpillar. That albatrose that smites the tempest with its wing, where did it come from! A senseless shell.

Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block, were found flower seed that had been burled two thousand years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up; it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago burled, yet regurrected!

A traveler says he found in a mummy-

years ago buried, yet resurrected!

A traveler says he found in a mummypit in Ezypt garden peas that had been
buried there three thousand years ago.
He brought them out, and on the 4th of
June, 1844, he planted them, and in thiaty
days they sprang up. Buried three thousand years, yet resurrected.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible
with you that God should rake the dead?

Where did all this silk come from—the
silk that adorns your persons and your
homes! In the hollow of a staff a Greek
missionary brought from China to Europe
the progenitors of those worms that now
supply the silk markets of many nations.
The pageoantry of bannered host and the
luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the 5.lk worms.
And who shall be surprised if out of this
insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life, our bodies vafold into
something worthy of the coming eternities.

Put silver into diluted nitre and it die-

lies.
Put silver into diluted nitre and it dis

Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poictiors, im Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom the Saraceos; at Salamis, where ThemisDr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from mians drove back the Medes; at Poictiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea-fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the Eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the King of Terrors, and put him back in the niche from which the Celestial Conquerer had jest emerged. Aha! when the jaws of the Eastern mausoleum took down the black giant, "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death.

The old antagon'st is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Meirose Abbey and Kouliwork Castle are no more in ruins than is the sopulchre. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak-room at a Governor's or President's levee. We stop at such cloak-room and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward appared, that we may not be impeded to the brilliant round of the drawing room.

Well, my friends, when we go out of these tasks only adds to the haste and carebeing sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennet seemed
in day after day and said: "He is dead;
he is dead." But the soul that fider returned, and William Tennet lived to write
out the experiences of what he had sone
while his soul had gone. It may be found
some time that what is called suspended
animation or comatose state is brief death,
giving the soul an excursioe into the next
world, from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the
conflict of life to which it must return.
Do not this waking up of men from
trance, and this waking up of insects
from winter lifelessness, and this waking
up of grains buried three thousand years
ago, make it easier for you to believe that
your body and mind after the veation of
the grave shall rouse and rally, though
there be three thousand years
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ago, make it easier for you to believe that
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than the sickest patient in Bellevne Hospital.

But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companiouship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very partor of the universe, the four walls burnished with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the agee has been able to every thing was so beautiful leanth not before when I visited that house for the suggested an improvement. Hy friend had gone with his family to the suggested as improvement. Hy friend had gone with his family to the suggested as makes it of but little lateuring was to be seen be to be seen able to a course makes it of but little lateuring was a suggestive of another some another's companiouship and training during the critical years of early girls before a mother's companiouship and training during the critical years of early girls before a mother's companionship and training during the critical years of early girls before a mother's companiouship and training during the critical years of early girls before a mother's companionship and training during the critical years of early girls before a mother's companionship and training during the critical years of early girls and the years of early girls and the years of early girls and the purpose was for it if food, you must toll for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; and if for it; if food, you must toll for it; if food, you must to

to be done. And, O! what was his joy when at the end of six months, he returned

of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

O, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have pain and your soul not pity lif or your body have a foy and your soul not re-echo lif or changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with lif growing wan and weak under the depressing influence. Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and clastic step! Surely God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. separated.
And so when the world's last Easte

And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body!" and the body will accend, saying, "Where is my soul!" and the Lord of resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect Heaven.

duced by a perfect Christ into a perfect Heaven.
Victory! Do you wender that to-day we swathe this house with gariands! Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most concentrated voice of song that we can invite, and with the deficest fingers on organ or cornet, and with the dozologies that beat these arches with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt of Giant's Causeway! Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection.

A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffat, the missionary, preach about the-resurrection, and he said to the missionary:

ary:
"Will my father rise in the last day!"

"Will my father rise in the last day!"
"Yes," said the missionary.
"Will all the dead in battle rise!" said
the cruel chieftain.
"Yes," said the missionary.
"Then," said the warrior, "let me hear
no more about the resurrection day. There
can be no resurrection, there shall be no
resurrection. I have stain thousands in
battle. Will they rise!"
Ah, there will be more to rise on that
day than those want to see whose crimes
have never been repented of. But for all
others who allowed Christ to be their pardon, and their life, and their ressurrection, it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the
salvo that greets you into harbor. The
lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to

lightnings will be only the torches of tri-umphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death! What have we todo with death! As your rounited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valswing off from this planet on that last day
you will see deep gashes all up and down
the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves,
they will be the abandoned sepulchres,
with rough ground tossed on either side
of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the
rent hillocks, and there will be fallen
monuments and cenotaphs, and then, for
the first time, you will appreciate the full
exhilaration of the text:
He will swallow up death in victory.
Hall the Lord of earth and heaves!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hall the resurroction Thou!

OUR LOST GIRLS.

A Nother Sadly Regrets That She Car Not Have the Training of Her Daugh ter. There has been no mysterious disappea

ried through with unseemly hasts, to the end that she may leave home as soon as possible. The presence of other girls during these tasks only adds to the hasts and care-lessness of their performance, leaving very little opportunity for quiet attention to

AN AWKWARD WORKMAN

erctary of the Treasury in to Support Free Trade Some Strong Protection

Our enterprising ex-Free-Trade Sec-retary of the Treasury seems as a gen-eral thing to have adopted the rule of the old Dutch magistrate who never would hear but one side of a case because the other side was sure to bother him, and invariably gave judgment for the plaintiff, arguing that if he had no grievance he would not have brought a suit. Occasionally, however, he stumbles out of his conservative course and kicks out facts which are utterly irreconcilable with the free-trade abominations so fondly cherished by him. Such stumbling blocks are char-acterized as "the ex-Secretary's mare's nests," one of which is on exhibition at page 31, vol. 2, of his latest official at page 31, vol. 2, of his latest official report. It forms part of a letter to Hon. A. S. Hewitt, present mayor of this city, but who, at the date of the letter, was chairman of the Congressional Ways-and-Means sub-Committee. He therein demonstrated from official Government statistics of the two countries that the amount of impost duties levied in so-called free-trade Great Britain is as great when estimated by the number of people as estimated by the number of people as that of the Protective United States, to which the Irish World would add that,

which the Irish World would add that, gauged by the relative tax-paying power of the two countries, it is much greater. His words are as follows:

"During the last year there was collected in Great Britain and Ireland from imports the equivalent of about a hundred millions of doltars while we collected nearly twice that sum.

* * The tariff of great Britain and Ireland is for, relatively, small islands, while ours is for a continent. The former is for 26,000,000 while the latter is for nearly 60,000,000 (of people.)

In verification of his claim that the British tariff exaction on imports are simply enormous (while little if any protective to British labor) he quotes protective to British labor) he quotes twelve articles, six of which we copy

Tebacco and snuff 29.878,003 \$88,889,688 Rum 2.684,235 \$19,471,208 Brandy 1.209,971 5,04,833 Wine 1.205,300 6.178,008 Geneva (gin) 708,610 2.844,000 Tea 4,783,843 21,978,213

Total on the 6 articles . £23,979,215 \$98,604,983 As if to make the contrast between the terrible tariff exactions of so-called free-trade England and the compara-tively light import taxes of this coun-try, the Secretary remarks that one page of our revised statutes, although the type is large, would give more than room enough to print the British tariff specifications, while our list of import duties comprises "some four thousand articles." free-trade England and the comparaarticle

Mr. Manning failed to perceive that the American system of protection, embracing "nearly four thousand articles," indicates its widespread and all-permentive character which is necessary to encourage the new and struggling industries which are con-stantly being established, and so dis-tributed the cost of protection to Amer-ican labor that it merits the enlogium of

ican labor that it merits the culogium of Prince Bismarck, which is as follows:

"The success of the United States in National development is the most fliustrious of modern times. The American Nation has not only successfully borne and suppressed the most gigantic and expensive war of all history, but immediately afterward found employment for its soldiers and marines, paid off most of the debts, gave labor and homes to all the unsumployed of Europe as fast as they could arrive within its territory, and still by a system of location so indirect as not to be perceived, much less felt."

But, strange to say, after so admirable a contribution to the cause of protection of American labor, the exprotection of American labor, the ex-Secretary, like the cow who spoiled a fine pail of milk by putting her dirty foot lato it, defiled his good work by illogically, not to say idiotically, pro-ceeding to curse the system he had in-advertently shown to be comparative-ly so good by intruding the vile hoof of free-trade fallacies—*Irish World*.

POINTS ON PROTECTION.

Instead of the States which adrocate and practice protective teachings being less educated, poorer and more generally tormented than their free-trade sisters, more than three times as many of their white citizens can read and write, the average pro-cortion of realized wealth is more than portion of realized wealth is more than six times as large, and wages for farm labor are nearly twice as great.-Irish World.

When the free-traders enter into argument they should not attribute to the tariff troubles that are caused merely by the disturbances which may exclass, growing out of the number of working hours, and the dispute about secret labor organizations.—Chicago Journal

The final report of the royal commission on the depression of trade in Great Britain has been issued. The ost marked thing about it is the fact that even the majority report admits that the free-trade policy is, at least, a partial failure. For instance, the free raders have persistently asserted that "the consumers pay the duty;" but the majority report admits that, notwith-standing the increase in the quantity of exports, "there can be little doubt that the obstruction to our trade is caused by the growing stringency of the commercial policy of those coun-tries, tending to make it far less profit-able."—Toldo Blade.

-Notwithstanding the belief of many that trepanning is of modern origin, M. Vedrenes in a recently pub-lished article shows that the practice has been in vogue for cenutries among the natives of Montenegro. In case of severe injuries to the head resulting in acute pains, they will deftly cut out a portion of the skull about a half-inch diameter, and insert a bit of sponge with which to remove the extrava lood. It is a singular coine the Cornwall miners have implicit faith in trepanning as the only adequate mode of treatment for various of the head.—Congregational

One day mamma had the ironing to do. "What makes 'ou do vat? asked little Nelly. "I iron the clothes to take the wrinkles out," mamma answered. Three-year-old Nelly was silent for a moment; then she burst forth: "Well, ven, why tan't 'ou iron out dramma's face.?"

-The Kissimmee Leader is publish in Florida. It is a great favorite with lovers and young married people.